THE

Theatrical Observer;

AND

Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—*Othello.*

No. 3743. *Saturday, Dec.* 14, 1833. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

Covent Garden Theatre.

LAST night, after the Opera of *Gustavus the Third,* Poole's *petite pièce,* called *A Soldier's Courtship,* was performed for the first time at this Theatre, but with no change in the cast; it was followed by *My Neighbour's Wife.*

Drury Lane Theatre.

SHAKSPEARE'S Play of *Henry the Fourth* was represented at this Theatre yesterday evening, with the Ballet Opera of *The Maid of Cashmere.* In the latter piece, Mr. Wilson sustained the character of *The Unknown,* for the first time, and sang with great sweetness; his voice, though not very powerful, is of a very pleasing quality. Mrs. Nisbett, who refused an engagement of £10 per week for herself and her sister Anne Mordaunt, because the lessee would not undertake to give her the first business in genteel Comedy, is now performing at Plymouth with her sister at a joint salary of £5 per week, and playing in every thing in which she may be wanted.

One night, that Kean had been playing *Richard the Third* to a tremendous and enthusiastic audience, he met Mr. Spring, the box-book keeper, as he was passing to his dressing-room, and said to him "Well Spring as fresh as ever, eh! *Spring* you know is always lively, eh?" "Ah, ah," chuckled Spring, "I'm very well, Mr. Kean; but how excellently *we* got through *Richard the Third* to-night, didn't we." The tragedian stared with astonishment. "*We,* Mr. Spring, how did *we* get through it." "Why," rejoined the hero of the box-office, "I may say we with confidence, for what if you did say the words of the part, didn't I book the places." Kean never forgot the veteran's impertinent assumption, and used to tell the anecdote with great sarcasm at the expence of the worthy box-keeper.

A Liverpool paper gives the following account of Braham's *acting,* "*Artaxerxes,* the master piece of the immortal Arne, on Tuesday night called into full action Mr. Braham's *unfaded* powers, and Miss Turpin's utmost brilliance. As far as the *acting* was concerned, on this occasion, Mr. Braham had the whole affair in his own hands, except indeed a short lived demonstration in Miss Turpin's "Monster away." It is not necessary however for Mr. Braham's acting sake that it be put in competition with *nothing!* which was here literally the case, for it is abstractedly excellent. There was a time when certainly Mr. Braham could hardly be rated above other singing actors, who have generally

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stood at rather a low ebb, but far different has it been in many instances within the last eight or ten years, during which his acting has frequently divided the palm with his singing."

In the time of the Protectorate there was a famous violinist, who is thus mentioned in Evelyn's Diary: "1656, March 4.—This night I was invited by Mr. Roger L'Estrange to hear the incomparable Luciber on the violin. His variety on a few notes and plain ground with that wonderful dexterity was admirable. There was nothing however crost and perplexed, brought to him by our artists, that he did not play off at sight with ravishing sweetness. In sum, he played on that single instrument a full concert, so as the rest flung down their instruments, acknowledging the victory. I can no longer question the effects we read of in David's harp, to charm evil spirits.—Wood tells us, that when Baltzaar played at Oxford, Wilson, the public professor of music, stooped down to his feet, to see whether he had a hoof on, that is to say, whether he was a devil or not, because he acted beyond the parts of a man."

Fashionable Lounges.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Just wish to say a word—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—will you excuse me, I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town.

Monday, call in at the Queen's Bazaar, Oxford Street, to see the new Diorama of *Captain Ross's Expedition to the North Pole*—crowded to the door, but when I did get in, amply repaid for my patience—most interesting subject—fancy yourself among the natives without the fatigue of the voyage.—*Belshazzars's Feast*, and all the *Physiorama Views*, are added, so that you see the whole for 1s.

Afterwards pop in a few doors higher up to *mon ami*, Palmer, jun. just located from St. James's-st.—his new Dressing Case is positively a '*Portable Toilet*,' "a Travelling requisite"—so pretty—*so cheap*.—only two King Williams,—Aunt Paulina promises me one for a Christmas Box ! ! !

Tuesday, I have a great treat by lounging for an hour or two at the Suffolk Street Gallery, contemplating the choice specimens of the British School of Painting which adorn its walls. Everybody must go, for the artist, the connoisseur, and the mere *desœuvre*, will be equally delighted and instructed.

My last white hat getting very shabby thought of putting it into mourning, exclaimed "Yes I have set my *crown* upon a cast, and I will stand the hazard of the *dye*,'—walked into Perring's, 85, Strand, and found Hats so cheap, so waterproof, and so good, gave up the idea of dying at present, and bought a new one.

Wednesday, visit *The Industrious Fleas*, which are returned to 238, Regent-st. where they perform daily such feats as must be witnessed to be believed—they dance, play at whist, flirt, and fight duels, besides acting as horses, &c. indeed, they are as perfectly under the word of command as if they had an understanding.

Monday and Thursday dine at the Table d'Hote provided by Evans, formerly at Covent Garden Theatre, at his hotel, late Joy s, Piazza—served with elegance, enlivened with the singing and wit of his brother actors.—Can have a Chop, &c. for Supper here as cheap as at his old house in Maiden Lane.

On Friday, I examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester Square—just added other beautiful specimens of her art.

Several of my friends having been misled by external appearances, and popped into the wrong shop, I would recommend them in future to order their Wines and Spirits *by post*, as there can be no mistake in directing letters to Brett's Patent Brandy Depot, 109, Drury Lane.

How Macready shines to-night, says I, at Drury—Mrs P. instantly asked me this Con.—"Who is the most shining and reflecting man, & the greatest friend to the *Polish* cause in London ?" looked at my brilliant boots, and exclaimed "*Robert Warren!*"—Isn't that a good one ?—but I intrude, beg pardon—

Your's, &c. PAUL PRY.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

This Evening, a new Grand Historical Opera, called

Gustavus the Third;

OR, THE MASKED BALL.

The Scenery, which is on a scale of Magnitude never before attempted in this country by Messrs Grieve and Assistants.

The Decorations by Mr Bradwell—Machinery by Mr Sloman—Plumassier, Mad. Minon—The Costumes by MrPalmer, MrHead, &c—Chandeliers byMrBrookes.

The whole produced under the Direction of Mr. FARLEY.

Gustavus the Third, Mr WARDE,
Col. Lillienhorn, MrTEMPLETON, Count Dehorn, MrSEGUIN,
The Baron Bjelke, Mr BAKER,
Count D'Esseu, Mr PERKINS, Count Ribbing, Mr WILSON,
Captain Ankarstrom, Mr H. PHILLIPS,
Oscar, (Favorite Page to the King,) Miss SHIRREFF,
Christian Engleheart, Mr BEDFORD,
Madame Ankarstrom, Miss INVERARITY,
Arvedson,..... (a Fortune-teller) .....Mrs FITZWILLIAM,

The following is the order of the New Scenery:

Grand Saloon in the King's Palace—Triumphal Arch of Queen Christina—Interior of Fortune Teller's Abode—Distant View of Stockholm, by Moonlight, from the Place of Public Execution—Norr-malm Square, in Stockholm—Apartment in the House of Ankarstrom—Royal Gardens, with the Fountains of Neptune—The Saloon of the Opera at Stockholm, fitted up for the Masked Ball, in which will be introduced the fashionable German Pas, principal Dancer, Mrs Vining, with Mdlles. Payne, Hall, Hill, Bennett, Perry, Frouts, Conway, & Marsano. The celebrated Danse des Folies, principal Folie, Mlle.Celeste. Folies, Mlles. Thomasin, Fairbrother. Fenton, Ryals, &c. &c. A Figure Dance by Mr Payne and Mr F. Sutton—The Parisian Gallopade, promenade of the characters, in which will appear nearly the whole of the company of the two Theatres, assisted by above 250 additional members, habited in the most gorgeous varied costumes. The piece will terminate with the Assassination of Gustavus.

To conclude with, a new Farce, called

SCAN. MAG.

Mr Theodore Singleton, Mr BARTLEY,
Edward Singleton, (his Nephew) Mr WARDE,
Captain Tinderly, Mr WOOD,
Tommy Caudle, ... Mr MEADOWS,
John Grub, Mr BEDFORD,
Emily Singleton, Miss MURRAY, Julia, MissLEE,
Mrs Caudle, (the Villiage Gossip) Mrs GIBBS,
Fanny, Mrs HUMBY

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

This Evening, O'Keefe's Comedy of

WILD OATS.

Sir George Thunder, Mr DOWTON,
Harry Thunder, Mr BRINDAL, Rover, Mr COOPER,
John Dory, Mr BARTLEY,
Ephraim Smooth, Mr HARLEY, Sim, Mr WEBSTER,
Banks, Mr YOUNGE, Trap, Mr TURNOUR,
Farmer Gammon, Mr THOMPSON,
Lamp, Mr HUGHES, Twitch, Mr F. COOKE,
Zachariah, Mr HONNER
Muz, Mr CATHIE, Landlord, Mr AYLIFFE,
1st Ruffian, Mr HOWELL, 2nd Ruffian, Mr FENTON,
3rd Ruffian, Mr BARNARD,
Lady Amaranth,.....Miss PHILLIPS,
Jane, Miss KELLY,
Amelia,.....Mrs LOVELL.

After which, will be revived the celebrated Melo-drama of

Ella Rosenberg.

The Elector, Mr MATHEWS,
Colonel Mountford, ... Mr YOUNGE,
Rosenberg, Mr COOPER,
Captain Storm.....Mr DOWTON,
Flutterman, Mr WEBSTER,
Captain of Guard,.....Mr HOWELL,
Soldier, Mr FENTON, Messenger, Mr IRWIN,
Stephen, Mr YARNOLD,
Pursuers, Mess. Cathie, Barnard, Honner, & Hatton,
Conrad, Mr F. COOKE,
Ella Rosenberg, ... Miss KELLY,
Christine, Miss E. PHILLIPS,
Mrs Flutterman, ... Mrs C. JONES,

On Monday, Coriolanus, and One o'Clock, or the Knight & the Wood Dæmon.

Printed & Published every Morning, by E. & J. Thomas, Exeter Street, Exeter Hall, Strand.—All letters to be post paid.—Printing in General.